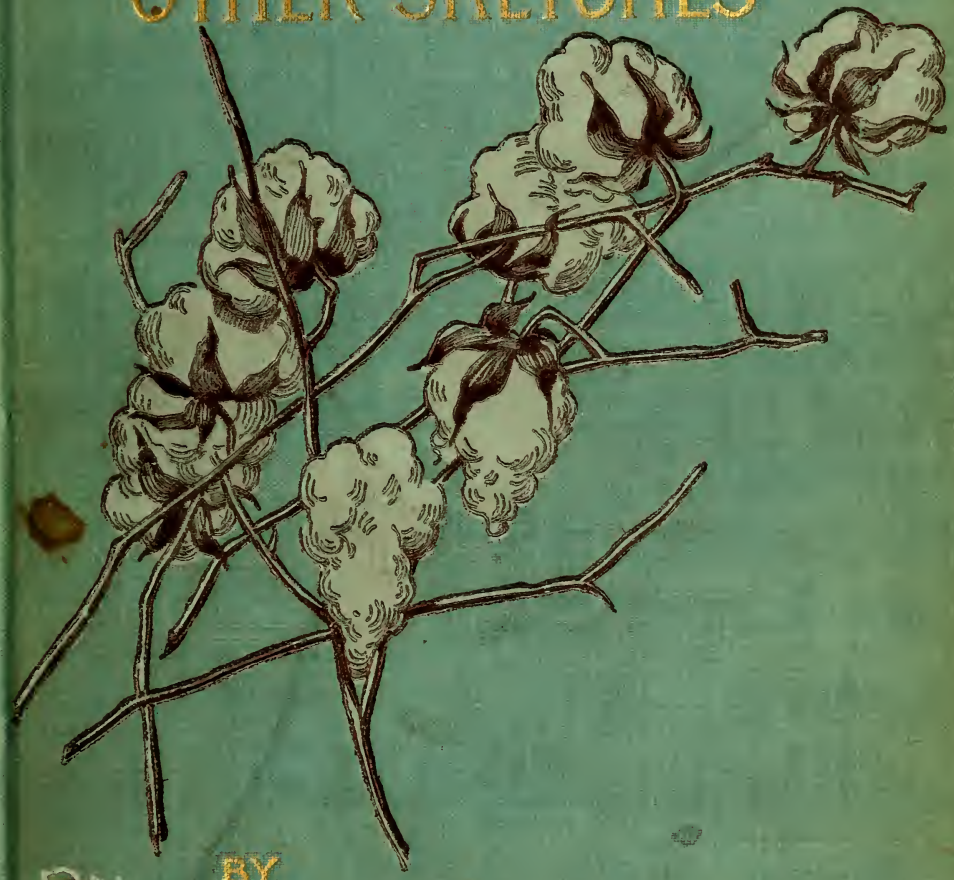
MAMMY'S REMINISCENCES AND OTHER SKETCHES



BY

MARTHA S. GIELOW

OF ALABAMA

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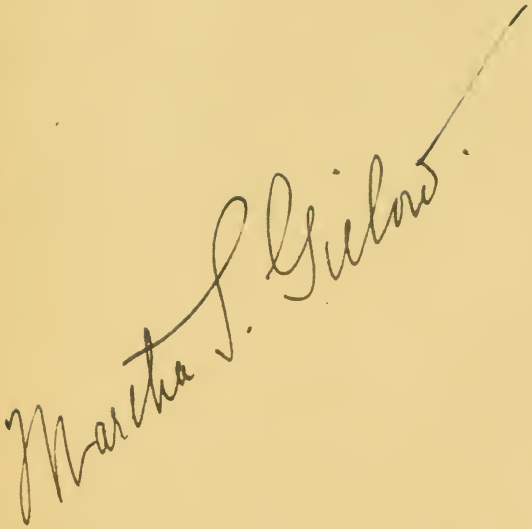

Mammy's Reminiscences

"MAMMY."

Mammy's Reminiscences

And Other Sketches

By

Martha S. Gielow
of Alabama

Illustrated by

Mrs. Clara Weaver Parrish

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Preface

THOUGH I do not claim any literary merit for this little volume of Plantation Folk lore, I make no apology for presenting it to the public.

The mission of these little character sketches and jingles has been to enable me, in my work as a public reader, to present a correct and natural dramatic impersonation of the old-time Mammy and Daddy, the devoted foster parents to the children of the South. They have been so grossly exaggerated and caricatured by the "minstrel" performers and other impersonators as to be almost unrecognizable by those who knew and loved them.

The quaint humor of their happy, simple natures has been turned into a wit which they never possessed, and the crooning of their lullabies, the chanting of their religious "frenzies," the musical monotone of their field songs, have become clever ballads which they never composed and never sang.

This unique race may still furnish material for the writer, but the golden charm of the "dialect" will be buried in the grave of the faithful Mammy.

Her immortality is due to her devotion and loyalty, under circumstances which never before tried human hearts, and her memory will become a more and more precious legacy as time advances.

I have gleaned the material of these little sketches from actual happenings related to me by my own black Mammy,

to whom this volume is affectionately dedicated.

I have had to refuse many requests for these sketches during my own use of them from the rostrum. Having now collected much new material for my repertory, I print these in the form of drawing-room monologues, as I gave them, and hope they will meet the welcome from the reader which they received from my audiences.

MARTHA S. GIELOW.

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MAMMY'S REMINISCENCES

"Dem is some uv my gran'chillen."

Mammy's Reminiscences

SCENE: Cabin on the Old Plantation

(*Mammy coming to meet "Mistis' gran'chile"*)

"WELL, Lawd! ef dar ain' Miss Ferginia! I sholy is proud ter see you, Honey! Lawd er massy! lemme wipe my han's ter shake han's wid you, an' lemme dus' out a cheer ter ax you ter set down in, fer dis ole house ain' fitten ter ax you in no how.

" Git up fum dar, Poly Bony Part; you an' Henry Clay, git right up offen dat flo'. Don't yer see Miss Ferginia standin' dar, an' you a settin' down an' nebber so much as movin', an' axin' her ter cum in? Whar yer manners? Git up, I say, an' cum speak ter Mistis' gran'chile, an' den you bofe go long outen de do'.

" Take er seat, Honey. Dem is some uv my gran'chillen. Rhody got mighty nigh er even dozen, she is, an' de las' one hit wus twins, yassum! an' Miss Ma'y done call 'em Ramerlus an' Remerlus, somethin' nu'r high pullutin' like dat, but I jes' calls 'em Ram an' Rem fer short. Den dar is Dan'l Websters an' Stonewall Jacksing an' Abyham Lincum, an' Gawge Woshington, an' de Lawd knows how many mo'. I kyan' half keep up wid 'em, an' dey ain' but one gal in de whole lot, an' she 's wuf *ev'ry one* uv dem boys. Dar she is now. Cum hyar, Cle'patry, an' shake han's wid Miss Ferginia. Dis Miss' gran'chile you hyar me talkin' so much erbout. Now run 'long an' go hunt er nes' uv fresh hen

aigs fer Miss Ferginia ter take home wid 'er. How you is growd, Miss Ferginia! I sholy an' sutn'y is proud ter see you. Cum hyar ter de light an' le' me look at you good. Good gracious me! ef you ain' jes' like yo' mar; dem same big eyes like Johnny-jump-ups what sorter look sleepy, an' Lawd sakes erlive ef yo' little han' ain' 'zackly like yo' gran'ma's; sof' es satin welvet.

"You don't 'member her, does yo', Honey? Well, it do seem er long time ergo. I so ole an' blin' myself, I kyan' hardly see you good ernough.

"An' ter think I usen ter hol' you on my lap an' sing you ter sleep, an' tote you up an' down de flo' in dese ole arms! Haw! haw! haw! Miss Ginier, you wus de wus' spilt chile in dem days I ever see! I uster want ter spank you so bad, fer you sholy wus unstroprous. I nebber will forgit de time your mar done slap yo' han's fer eatin' dat apple, — she did n't hurt yer er bit, but you tuck on lak she mos' kilt you.

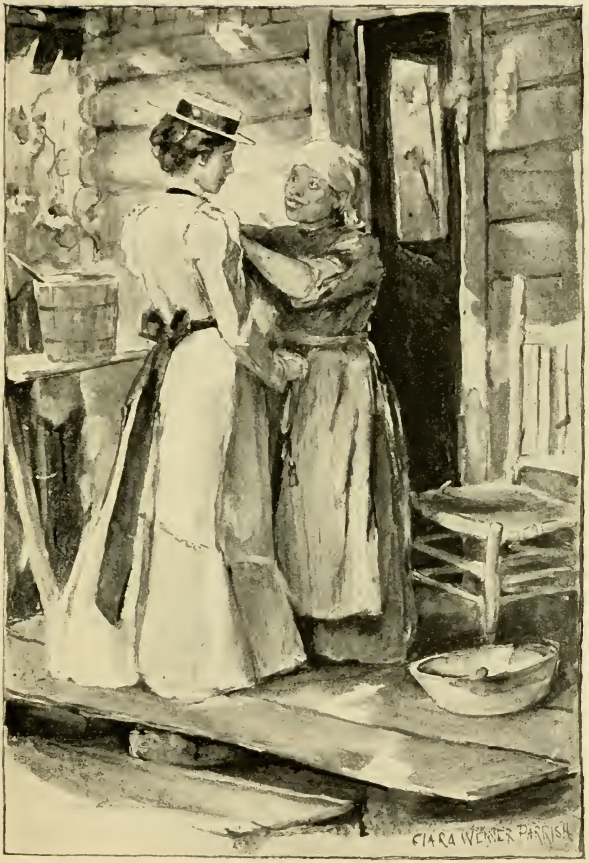
"Hyar yo' cum jes' a runnin' ter yo'

ole mammy fer ter cumfurt you. But I 'se 'bleeged ter uphole yo' mar, so I ses, 'You need n't cum wid yo' cryin', I ain' gwinter tech yer. Enny chile what would eat er apple dat dey is tole not ter tech is too unmannerly fer me. Git right down offe'n my lap!'

"Does you 'member what yer said, Miss Ferginia? I nebber will fergit it. You ses, 'Mammy, I did n't bite dat apple, I jes' went ter smell it, an' my teefs flew in it!' Haw! haw! haw! 'How dey gwine fly in it,' I ax, 'onless you jes' lets 'em? Git down offe'n my lap, fer yer ain' no baby no how!'

"'Ef I ain' no baby, I 'se all de baby Mama 's got,' you make rerply, an' dey wan't no 'sputin' dat, fer you wus de younges', so I tuk you up an' wipe yo' eyes, an' sung yer ter sleep.

"You don't rermember dat, does yo', Honey? an' I bet two batty cakes an' er biscuit you don't 'member de time I wash yo' face wid de dish rag! Haw! haw! haw! Lawd er massy! But den you see I



"Ef you ain' jes' lak yo' mar."

wus er mighty sassy nigger in dem days, kase ole Mis' jes' let me do 'zackly lak I please, an' you chillen wus dat troublesome, I jes' had ter 'cert myself de bes' way I kin.

"When Sis' Viney got sick one time, Mistis put me in de kitchen fer ter take her place, an' jes' 'kase yo' ole Mammy's in dar, here you chillen cum er racin' ter de kitchen ev'ry minute uv de day, 'Mammy, gi' me er biscuit, Mammy, gi' me er tater, Mammy gi' me er drink er water,' tell yo' almos' bodder de life outen me. 'Git out er hyar 'fo' I burns you wid de hot shubble!' I usen ter say jes' ter skeer yer, an' den I use ter th'eaten ter take yer up an' tote yer in de house ter yo' gran'ma, but one day I c'd n't git yer all ter move er inch, an' so I jes' up an' squez de dish rag out'en de pan uv greasy dish-water, an' ef I did n't wash yo' face all over! Haw! haw! haw! haw! Yo' all chillen did n't cum back in de kitchen ergin fer mighty nigh er whole week. 'T wus de bes' time I had whiles I wus cookin'. An' now you is done growd up! Well, well, well! an' been off

ter Noo Orlens ter school, an' done cum home ter see yo' ole black Mammy, what nus' an' riz yer. Ef you ain' got yo' hair in er twis' behimb yo' haid! haw! haw! haw! an' ef you ain' got er pergagement ring on yo' little han'! Lawd erlive, is you gwine git mar'ied, Miss Ferginia? Well, Honey, ef you 'd take my invice you would put dat off jes' es long es you kin, fer mens! *dey* is de Debble!"

CA'LINE'S WEDDIN'

Ca'line's Weddin'

"WHEN you gwine git mar'ied, Miss Ferginia? Nex' year?

"Well, Honey, I hyeard tell hit wus ter be *dis* Spring, an' you is wise ter put it off jes' es long es you kin. Dis gittin' mar'ied is er mighty resky thing, dat 'tis, 'kase I done tole you befo', dat men's, dey is de Debble, ef de Lawd did make 'em. I ses ergin *dey is*. Dat rermin's me 'bout dat good fer nuf'n Ca'line, an' de big wed'in' she had las' fall. Jes' lemme tell you 'bout 'n it, Honey. You 'members Ca'line, don't you, Miss Ferginia? Well, den you sholy 'members Jerry Mosely, Sis' Rachel's son, an' Sambo Jenkins, dat long laiged boy what use 'n ter tote er gun all de time when he wa'n' pickin' de banjo?

"Well, Sambo wus er co'tin' Ca'line, an' so wus Jerry, an' dat gal Ca'line wus er foolin'

uv bofe uv 'em. Well, Jerry, he got tired er Ca'line's foolin' an' he mek his min' up ter fetch matters ter er een. So he ax 'er ter de big corn shuckin' party an' on de way home he up an' co'tes her.

"Now Sambo was er sneakin' 'long berhime ter see how matters gwine shape deyse'f ter his intres', an' pres'ny he hyear Jerry sey jes' es dey gits ter de creek, 'Miss Ca'line, I 'se er great min' ter jump in dat creek an' git drownded.' 'What you wan' go do dat fer, Mr. Mosely?' Ca'line say. 'Kase you won' hab me,' ses Jerry. 'Well, you ain' nebber axed me as I knows on,' ses she. 'Well, now, I ax you right hyar an' now,' ses he. 'Well, — 'sposen I 'se got ter have you right hyar an' now,' ses she, 'kase hit won' do ter ruin yo' pardy close in de creek, much les' fer you ter git drownded.' Den Jerry he tuck 'er by de han' an' he'p 'er over de log 'cross de creek, an' dey walk long hol'en han's de res' uv de way.

"You know young folks is mighty foolish, Miss Ferginia, when dey 's makin' love,

an' dey ac' jes' lak dey ain' nebber seed one nu'r befo' an' fyeared ter let one nu'r go, so skeered dey won't meet ergin.

"You know young folks is mighty foo
Miss Ferginia, when dey 's makin' lov

"Well, Honey, when Sambo seed how things wus, an' hyeard all dat, an' know'd dat de 'gagement wus pernounced, he tuck his rabbit foot, what he done kill in de grabe yard, out ens his pocket, an' cross his heart free times, fer he say he wa'n' gwine be outdid by no bowlaiged nigger, (an' you know, Honey, Jerry wus mighty bandy in de knee jints).

"Sambo say he know'd how ter fix things his way, so he jes' call all his bes' possum dawgs up an' goes er huntin' do

de 'simmons wus skeersely ripe on de trees.

"Now Ca'line she lub possum meat better den taters, or hawgs, or *ennybody*, an' soon 's ebber she hyeard dat Sambo had 'gun ter ketch possums dat soon in de season, she 'gun ter wish 'erse'f begaged ter him, fer Jerry wa'n' no possum hunter, you see, an' she know'd it.

"Well, po' Jerry 'gun ter git skeered at Ca'line's high doin's, 'ceptin' er possums fum Sambo an' praisin' him up ter de disrespec' uv hisse'f, so he has'en up de wed'in' fas' es ebber he could.

"He had good reasin's ter be skeered, fer sho' 'nuff, de werry night uv de wed'in' Sambo cum in wid ernudder big load uv possums an' sont 'em ter Ca'line. *A whole passel uv um!*

"Well, Ca'line could n't stan' *dat*, an', Honey, ef you will b'lieve it, dat gal stole out de back do' uv de shed room when de whole plantation wus dar waitin' an' whiles Jerry wus er puttin' de las' finishin' tech uv cinnamon grease on his ha'r, fer de

wed'in', she an' Sambo done gone an' git mar'ied.

"An' sech er weddin' you nebber see es dat gal had. She sont Unc' Jake fer all de comp'ny she done lef', an' she roas' ebery possum in dat bag. 'T was er reg'-lar possum weddin' an' *dey wus de fattes'* possum I ever see.

"Po' Jerry he eat hisse'f mos' ter def' ter make b'lieve he did n' kyeer. Gals don' seem ter kyeer fer nuthin' dese days cep'n eatin'.

"Jerry wus er heap better fiel' han' den Sambo ef he wus bowlaiged.

"Sambo wa'n' good fer nuthin' 'cept ter ketch possums, an' I wants ter know how dey gwine ter live on possum de whole year 'roun', dats what I wants ter know."

HOW BRER' SIMON GOT 'ERLIGION

How Brer' Simon Got 'Erligion

"HONEY, does you rermember Daddy Simon? You been 'way ter dat Cemete'y school so long I 'specs you done fergit 'im, ain' you? Well, den, jes' lemme tell you. De ole man died las' year, an' sech er fun'l you nebber seed! Dar wus ten pall bearers, an' de fo' an' twenty elders (lak de Good Book call fer) an' sixteen young virgin gals ter cas' in de evergreens 'fo' dey fills up de grave; an' all de colored preachers in Hale County wus dar. Sis' Betsy, she rid ter de fun'l in de white folks' keridge, an' had on a black berege veil Miss Sally done give 'er, an' Unc. Dan'l he preached de fun'l summon, an' it wus de fines' you ever hyear.

"Unc. Dan'l sed ef ebber dar wus er Christian in de faith 't was Daddy Simon

an' he tucken tol' all 'bout how Brer' Simon got 'erligion. He say one day Brer' Simon wus er settin' in de wuck-shop planin' on some boards ter make de coffin fer Sis' Haly's little gal, what died dat time, Daddy Simon was de fo'man in de shop, an' he jes' plane de planks fer de ur's. Well, as I 'gun ter say, one day he wus er planin' planks fer Sis' Haly's baby, when he wus struck blin' in bofe eyes an' fell in er wision an' had er trance. A great big angel cum stood 'long 'side uv him an' call out, 'Simon, Simon, cum write yo' name in de book er life.' Brer' Simon say, —

"'I kyan', Lawd, 'kase I don' know how ter write.' An' de angel speak ergin, —

"'Simon, Simon, cum write yo' name in de book er life.'

"Den Brer' Simon riz up an' he tuck er gol' pen what de angel han' 'im, an' he writ his name, Miss Ferginia, jes' es plain as daylight. Den de angel say, 'Simon, go preach de gospell ter my people,' an' Brer' Simon say, 'Yas, Lawd.'

"Den de angel tuck Brer' Simon an'

"A great big angel cum stood 'long 'side uv him."

showed him de hebbenly kingdom, an' Brer' Dan'l say, dat Brer' Simon say, dat he never seed sich watermillions in his life es he seed up dar! dey wus es big es bar'ls, Honey, an' dey wus eatin' 'em wid great big gol' spoons. An' de chickens up dar! hump-m! de very smalles' one jes' hatch wus jes' es big es Mistis' big shang-hi rooster, jes' natchally big. An' dar wus strings uv pearls all over de streets an' de people wus jes' as happy, shoutin' an' singin' lak er camp meetin' all day long. Well, Honey, Brer' Dan'l sed, dat Brer' Simon sed, dat de angel tuck 'im out er hebben an' showed 'im de Debble an' all *his* angels. He tuck Brer' Simon by the han' an' led him clean over hell, jes' on a spider's web. Brer' Dan'l sed dat Brer' Simon say how he look down in de pit, whiles' he stood on de web, an' he seed his fust wife Emerline jes' er burnin' lak er tar bar'l an' de flames wus er hissin' an' er crackin' same es er bonfire. It wus jes' turrible! When Brer' Simon cum out 'n his trance he had er Bible in his han's an' he c'd read de scripter jes' plain

es yo' mar, an' he 'gun ter preach de gospell fum dat day out.

" Brer' Dan'l say dat Brer' Simon is done turnt inter a gol' man; an' de fus' thing you gwinter see, when you gits ter hebben, is Brer' Simon standin' dar, all made out uv gol'.

" I fear you ain' nebber gwine see 'im, Miss Ferginia' 'kase I hyear tell how you is er big dancer, an' don' you know, Honey, ebry time yer cross yo' feets you is leadin' right ter de Debble? I jes' prays fer you ebry day, 'kase I wants you ter see Brer' Simon when yo' die, Honey."

HOW SIS' VINEY WENT HOME TO GLORY

How Sis' Viney Went Home to Glory

"WELL, Honey, did you hyear' 'bout po' ol' Sis' Viney? But I knows you must'er. De ol' lady hyear tell dat your brudder Joe done cum home fum de norf. She had n' seen 'im sence de wah. Sis' Viney nuss Mars' Joe and she sutn'y did lub 'im; an' when he cum home t' other day, Sis' Viney 'low she gwine ter see her boy ef she live. Now I knows Mars' Joe wus comin' ter see Sis' Viney, but de ol' lady could n' wait, you see. She seem' distructed ter lay her eyes on 'im.

"But you know Sis' Viney done got mighty po' sence she move 'way fum de ol' home, an' her son Frank is dat good fer nothin', he did n' half take keer uv 'er, an' she nuvver had a dress ter her

back fitten ter wear. An' what you think she done, Miss Ferginia? Why, she riz out er baid, wid her rumertiz an' all, soon 's ebber she hyeard Mars' Joe had cum; an' she sed she gwine see dat *chile;* (jes' es ef Mars' Joe ain' don' growed up an' got chillen uv his own).

"Well, de ol' lady did n' know what ter do fer er frock ter w'ar, an', Honey, what you 'sposen she *did* do? Why, she goes ter her chist an' gits out her bur'al close! She done had 'em laid erway fer mighty nigh forty year, only takin' 'em out ter do 'em up now an' den ter keep 'em ready in case de summons called fer her.

"Well, Sis' Viney, she put on de black silk stockin's yo' gran'ma give 'er, befo' de wah, an' den she tuck an' put on de fines' linen gyarments you ever see, wid th'ed cambric puffs an' th'ed lace yo' Aunt Fanny give 'er 'fo' you wus born, an' den she put on de puttiest white petticoat I ever see, all tucked ter de wais' an' ruffled roun' de bottom wid lace on de aige; 't was one uv yo' Ma's trousseau, Honey,

"Mars' Joe seed her comin'."

an' den on de top er all dat she put on one of ol' Mistis' white dim'ty night-gowns, de very fun'al robe hitself, an' den she tuck er black grenerdeem overskyirt your sister Sally used ter wear, an' she put *dat* on. It wus short in front an' puffed up mighty in de back, do' all de puffs had cum out an' so it jes' floated in a beautiful trail, 'way out behime. Den she put on de bur'al head handk'cher an' de cyarpet slippers Mars' Joe give her befo' de wah.

"Soon's ebber Sis' Viney git herself dressed she started out fer de white house, an' she walk so fas' she fergit all erbout her rumertiz.

"Mars' Joe seed her comin' an' he run ter meet 'er, an' ketched her in his arms an' cry lak er chile. 'Mammy, Mammy, is *dis* you?' he said. 'I nebber would er knowed you in de worl'.' An' he lif 'er up de do' step an' set 'er in de biges' rockin' cheer in de house, an' seein' how she c'd n' speak, 'cept ter jes' look at 'im an' kiss his han', he run ter fetch some wine in er glass, an' when he cum back

How Sis' Viney Went to Glory

Sis' Viney wus er settin' dar wid 'er eyes shet tight, an' her han's holdin' Mars' Joe's hat in her arms lak 't was er baby, an', Honey, she wus plum daid. *Joy* done kilt her. But you see it wus bad luck ter put on bur'in' close befo' de time. Well, Mars' Joe wus jes' heartbroken. He had er trunk full er things fer 'is Mammy, an' had named one uv his own little gals Malviney, jes' fer her. He bought er fine coffin, an' had Sis' Viney bur'ed right in de white folks' grabe yard, an' all de white folks uv quality wus dar. It wus er fine fun'al sho', but not so juberlent as Brer' Simon's, but den yo' know white folks nebber make er fuss, dey jes' cries sof' lak; do' *Mars' Joe* he snuffle so hard I fear he gwinter bus' out ebry minute."

"DE PIANNER JUETT"

"De Pianner Juett"

What Malindy Jones an' Ca'line Wilson played dat time

"'TWAS long befo' de wah, Honey, fo' you wus ever born, an' it wus de fus' time I ever seed black folks play on de pianny, an' hit cum mighty nigh bein' de las' time too.

"You see Malindy wus plum sot on teching dem white keys wid her black fingers (I don' know what dey calls 'em keys fer, dey don't onlock nuf'n, but dat 's what dey calls 'em), an' I done see 'er peepin' in at de parlor do' ev'y time she git er chance. But I never b'liev'd she 'd er gone inside de do', much less put 'er han's on de music thing. But sho' es you live, ef you 'll b'lieve me, one day when Mars' John an' Miss Sally done gone fer er ride an' ter bring some fren's home ter dinner,

an' dey wan' nobody in de house 'cep'in' jes' me an' de baby, you kin jes' b'lieve I almos' drap dat chile on de flo' when I hyeard de pianny goin', — not 'zackly lak de white folks play it, but makin' chunes all de same. I so perwildered I mos' suffocate, but bimeby I manage ter lubercate my feets an' I crope ter de do' an' peep in.

"Bless de Lawd! Dar sot Malindy Jones on de white folks' pianny stool an' dat gal, Ca'line Wilson, er standin' by 'er, wid Miss Sally's las' year blue silk skyirt on, an' her long black silk mantilly 'round 'er nake, an' she wus er hol'in' er book er dat cross-bar'd writin' in 'er han's, gittin' ready fer ter sing!

"I done struck dum' wid pluralysis.

"'Now you play de pianny lak Miss Sally,' I hyear Ca'line say, 'an' I gwine do de singin' lak Miss Ma'y Le Wert.'

"Den Malindy she come down wid bof han's, co-plum! co-plum, plum, plum!

"Lawd er Mussy! ef you jes' could er hyeard 'em! Den Ca'line 'gun ter sing

"She wus er hol'in' er book er dat cross-bar'd writin' in 'er han's, gittin' ready fer ter sing!"

fum de cross-bar book 'bout how de 'Lasses rose in summers.'

"What dat you say, Miss Ferginia? de las' rose uv summer? Does you mean er rose what you *smells?* Fo' de Lawd! ef I ain' thunk all dis time dat she wus er singin' erbout 'lasses what you *eats*, Honey, 'kase 'lasses do foam in hot wedder, but I never could make out what Ca'line got ter sing erbout it fer, 'cep'n dat she try'n' do lak de white folks. Well done! but how wus *I* gwine know? Hit soun' dat way, an' I don' keer, ef I did thunk wrong.

"Well, chile, I wanted ter laugh an' I wanted ter cry, an' I wanted ter die, an' I cum mighty nigh er dyin' right den an' dar, fer jes' at dat minute sum'in' happen what jes' lak ter put er een ter all uv us, I kin tell yer.

"You see I so sperefied wid de goin's on dat I did n't hyear de kar'age 'rive at de do', an' ef Mars' John did n' walk right in unpernounced wid Miss Sally on one arm an' Miss Ma'y Le Wert on de odder!

"De Pianner Juett"

"*Me* er standin' dar peepin' in fro' de crack wid de baby ha'f dress' an' *Malindy* in de parlor playin' on de *pianny* an' *Ca'line* er *singin'!*

"Ef de sky had done fall down I could n' er been mo' 'stounded.

"Mars' John never sed er word. I so skeered I crope back ter de nus'ry wid de baby, but you should er seed *dem gals. Dey* wus plum skeered ter *def!*

"'Don' move, ladies, jes' keep yo' places an' go on wid yo' 'formance,' Mars' John say. Malindy an' Ca'line look at one nudder an' 'gun ter cry, an' den Ca'line 'gun ter take off Miss Sally's blue silk skyirt *right dar in de parlor*, but Mars' John he would n' let 'er.

"'No,' he say, 'sense you bofe so anxious ter be ladies, you kin jes' stay lak you is an' sing fer de comp'ny.'

"Chile! dem two gals 'ud ruther been kilt. Bofe uv 'em 'gun ter beg Mars' John ter let 'em off dis time, ter beat 'em an' put 'em ter wuck, but jes' let 'em out 'n dat parlor, fer de Lawd sake!

"But Mars' John he ain' pay no 'tention. 'I don' beat my niggers,' he say, 'an' what 's mo' 'n dat, I laks ter give 'em er good time when I kin, so *perseed* wid yo' music.'

"I wish I could jes' ha'f way 'scribe de doin's uv dat day. Dem gals wus skeered ter sing, an' skeered not ter sing. By dat time de news done spread all over de plantation dat dem two gals wus in de parlor singin' on de pianner. Sis' Viney done lef' de dinner an' de poun' cake ter burn up in de obben, an' Brer' Torm done lef' de horses ha'f onhitched, an' all de niggers on de place wus er tryin' ter peep in de winder blin's an' fro' de crack in de do'. I helt de baby so tight, she 'gun ter cry an' I had ter git some braid out 'n my pocket an' mash it up in my mouf an' give it ter 'er ter keep 'er still.

"'Begin yo' chune, ladies,' Mars' John say. Malindy 'gun ter tech de keys, kinder skeery lak.

"'Is yo' ready ter sing?' Mars' John call out, mighty bossified.

"Ca'line 'gun ter chune up. (Miss Ferginia, ef you 'll jes' shet de do', Honey, an' ef you won' *nebber tell* nobody, I gwine show you jes' 'zackly how dey done.)

"Ca'line 'gun ter chune up, shakin' all ober an' cryin' lak rain down 'er face. She helt on ter de book (dis way) an' den bergun, —

"'Hits de lasses rose in summers lef' b-b-b-bloomin' co'lone.'

"'Won't dat do, Mars' John?' she say, mos' daid, she so shame.

"'*No!*' Mars' John say, harder 'n ebber, '*perseed on.*'

"Dey wan' no gittin' out uv it, an' so she git right desp'rit lak, an' sing out clair an' fu'ious, —

"'Hits de lasses roose in summer
Lef' b-b-b-looooooomin' co'lone;
All hit l-l-uvleeee coooompannin's
Is faaaaded an' — gone.'

"Jes' den de pianner went *cosmash!* Malindy done fell over in er fit on de keys an' roll over under de stool. Ca'line th'ow'd

up 'er han's an' drap de book, kotch up de blue silk dress an' run out de do' jes' er holl'in' loud as she kin : ' Lawdy, Lawdy ! Mars' John, please kill me daid, but don' mek me sing no mo'.'

" Well, Honey, de ladies dey laf' louder 'n I ever hyeard 'em befo', an' Mars' John he shuck hisself mos' ter pieces laughin'.

" Hit wus de beaten-es' doin's you ever see, an' *dem gals !* you c'd n' say ' pianner ' ter 'em, dey 'd git so mad, dey so shame. An' I never would er thought dey'd want ter see er pianner ergin ; but bless yo' soul ! when dem gals got sot free de ve'y fus' thing dey done wus ter git er orgin-merlojum, an' go 'bout de country singin' juetts ; I 'spec' erbout dat *same las' rose.* An' de las' time I hyeard fum 'em, dey tell me how dat Ca'line is done turned into er *Prymadonny* in er *Minst'el* show way up yander in Noo York ! "

SEEIN' SPERRITS

Seein' Sperrits

UNCLE TOM was the coachman of a proud Virginia family, "befo' de wah." His pomposity and self-importance had ever been a source of amusement. The darkies attributed his high airs to the weight of his tall beaver hat and the extra length of his old Prince Albert, which flopped about his twisted legs when he walked along. But the old man was really actuated by a feeling of caste which even freedom could not remove.

"What! me 'sosh'ate wid dem cornfiel' niggers!" he used to say. "Miss Marfy you fergets, Honey, dat I was born an' riz in Alexander, Ferginier, an' tote ole Miss' Pra'r Book ter de chu'ch whar Mars' Gin'l Washington usen ter ten', all my life, 'till I git ole ernuf ter dribe de *ker'age*. Den

how you 'spec' I gwine 'sosh'ate wid fiel' han's ef dey *is* free?

"No'me! I cum fum de fus fambly uv Ferginier, I is, an' I ain' got no use fer dese here Alerbama an' Mis'sipp' niggers."

Uncle Tom was black, very black. He could read quite well from the Bible, and could do most anything necessary on the place, from tuning the piano to prescribing for the sick.

He was the head of the plantation for long years after the war and the wise counsellor in many a sad emergency. But Uncle Tom was superstitious, very; he believed in ghosts and spells and conjurations and visions. He was a queer-looking old man, and his hair in particular was most remarkable for its tendency to unkink and stand up on end, and reminded one of a huge cauliflower. I was so impressed with its peculiarity in that respect that I made bold to ask him one day why it was so.

"What makes you chillen so cur'ous?" the old man asked in reply, but straighten-

The darkies attributed his high airs to the weight of his tall beaver hat and the extra length of his old Prince Albert.

ing up at once for a tale, for Uncle Tom was the Uncle Remus of Hazlewood, and his stories were ever ready for eager listeners.

"What dat you ax, Honey? How cum my ha'r ter stan' on een' lak it do? Law, chile! ef I wus ter tell you, you w'd n' hardly berliebe me, 'kase you white chillen don' know nuffin' no how; but I kin tell you *dis*, ef you c'd see what *I* is seed, yo' own har w'd — w'd — drap off, an' you 'd DIE dis *minute*. Miss Marfy, all de rabbit foots in dis worl' kyan' save you fum de hants what walks eroun' de bottom uv de orchid down dere by de big spring.

"I would n' cross dat place ergin uv er night, no sooner den I 'd go tho' dat grabe yard in de back er de fiel'! Bofe uv 'em jes' er *reekin'* wid *sperrits!*

"One night I started ter cut across de orchid fer ter wisit er frien' on de jinin' plantation, an' ef de Lawd 'll fergibe me I nebber cross no orchid ergin uv er night.

"What I *seed?* You better ax what I *hyeard!* I seed *sperrits!* Dat what I seed, an' mo'en dat, I *hyeard ghos'es!* I had er

bag er chickens under my arm — (some what er frien' gib me) an' er hat full er aigs in my han'. Besides dis I had some pervisions in my coat pockets, and I wus putty well loaded down. Well, jes' es I git ter de aige uv de orchid (hit was dark es pitch) I hyeard sum'n nu'r groan' 'h — m!' I stop an' lis'en, hit groan ergin, 'hu — m!' Ef I 'd been scairt, I 'd er run, but bein' I wus putty brave I helt my groun'. I fyeard ter speak! Bymeby I started ter move on, kinder fas' like. I hyear it groan louder 'n ebber. I wus jes' erbout ter move on kinder lively lak when I seed er light flash out uv er stump uv er tree *right befo' me*, an' I jes' stood dar putrified ter de spot. Chile! I seed dem sperrit lights flash up an' down outen er *hundred trees* — an' de groans, — humph! dey 'gun ter circullate in eb'ry 'rection.

"'Way over on er log right by de spring whar I had ter cross, wus er dancin' sperrit, an' de Lawd kin strike me daid, ef I did n' see him dance on er flame cummin' out de big spring!

"I seed dem sperrit lights flash up an' down outen er *hundred trees.*"

"I drap dat bag er chickins an' I squashed ebery aig in my hat, an' my ha'r riz on een, same as er razor back hawg. I jes' shets my eyes tight, an' wid er whoop like er enjine, I scooted up de hill, back ter de house an' got under de kiver uv de baid, an' I shuck wid er chill all night. Ebry time I glance fum under de kiver I see er face grinnin' at me, fus' in dis cornnder, den in dat cornnder, an' den by de chimbley. I seed *two* sets uv eyes jes' er glarin' at me. I hyeard sum'n nu'r like er snake twis'in' fum under de baid. Den I 'gun ter pray, an' I holler out ter Gawd in hebben 'I nebber stole dem chickins! Sis' Lize Ann done gim'me dem aigs! Lawd hab mussy on my soul!' *Dat* how cum my h'ar done stretched out like de white folkse's h'ar, an' dat how cum my knees sorter meets in de middle an' knocks togedder when I walks erlong. Dem sperrits dey kep' arter me till dey almos' skeer me ter def. No'me, I ain't gwine cross *dat* bottom no mo' uv er night I kin tell you! Den ergin, I nebber know'd dat sperrits

would bodder long er folkses in de *day* time, an' specially dem what is got 'erligion an' done jine de chuch, but dey *do*. I wus ploughin' in der fiel' by de old grabe yard one day, an' *hum!* what I seed wus ernough ter skeer de Debble hisse'f—I hyeard sum'n like bones er rattlin', an' ef I did n' see er pair uv laigs, widout no haid, walk right out uv one uv dem sunk-in grabes, I ain' er stan'in' hyar! An' de earthy *smell* uv dem sperrits wus so perfuse I tuk my mule out 'n dat plough an' I git on 'er back, an' I put out fer de cabins lak er runaway! Miss Marthy, dey ain' no use talkin', Honey, dis whole place is hanted!

"You see ole Marse Williams when he died he lef' all his gol' bur'ed in de groun' sum whar, an' dat how cum de sperrits so res'less.

"One night I hyear a knockin' at de front do', an' Mistis say, 'Torm, go open de do', dat sum one uv de neighbors.' I had my own 'pinion, but I never 'sputed wid Mistis. I went ter de do', Honey, an' bless Gawd, hit wus ole Mars' William's

ghos'! He walk right in de parlor. I drap de candlestick an' run back an' tole ole Mistis what I seed, an' she jes' larf an' say, 'Torm, you is seen a hoptical collusion.' 'Yas, m'm,' I says, 'I knows I is, hit look jes' lak one.' An' dat wa'n' de' onlyes' time. He knock at de do' mos' eb'ry night, an', Miss Marthy, I done tuck up eb'ry brick in dat parler hairth, lookin' fur dat gol', but dem sperrits, dey is too sharp fer me! I ain't nebber foun' dat gol' yit."

AUNT MANDY'S CHRISTMAS STOCKING

Aunt Mandy's Christmas Stocking

"I SOT by de chimly er thinkin' er sight;
Hit seemed mighty lonesome ter be
Chris'mus night;
I looked at de chillen piled high in de bed,
Lucindy, an' Sooky, an' Jimmy, an' Ned.

"'De times dey gits harder es sho' es you
born,'
Sed Zekel, berginnin' ter shell out de corn.
'Kase popcorn an' taters was all dat we had
'Cep' de gingerbraid twis' an' dat wus ha'f
sad.

"'Dat 's er *mighty* po' Chris'mus,' sed Zeke,
half ersleep,
'Ole Mistis would rise out de grabe yard
an' weep

Ef *she* know'd dat wus all we had fer ter-
night
Ter put in de stockin's ter make Chris'mus
bright.

"'But I 'se got er ole jewsharp what 's rusty
an' broke,
I 'll fix dat fer Jimmy; an' den put a spoke
In dat tin wagin wheel fer Sooky an' Ned,
An' out uv de ash bar'l make Cindy er sled.

"'Dar 's de broke-handl' *cup*, what Mistis
done give
Me ter drink ter her helf as long as *she* live,
But den, dar wa'n't narry a crease nor a
crack
When she used ter fill it wid hot apple-
jack.

"'Times ain' as dey wus when ole Mistis
wus hyear,
We wanted fur nuffin' den, year een ter
year.'
'I know what ter do,' ses I, rakin' de coals,
'*I'll* fetch in some Chris'mus fer dem little
souls.

"'I'se gwine hang er stockin', Zeke, on de front do'
Whar Mis's Gran'chillen live, I gwine do it *fer sho*'.'
An' den I done pick out de bigges' I got
An' show'd it ter Zeke, 't wus de wus' in de lot;

"'Why, dat ain' no stockin',' ses Zeke, 'fit ter show,
Why, Mandy, hit ain' got no heel an' no toe.'
'Ne'er min' erbout dat,' ses I, smovin' it out,
'Hit 's de bes' kind ter have when Chris'mus is 'bout.'

"'But, Mandy, hit won' hol' er biscuit or aig,
Hit ain' got no sole, an' er mighty scant laig,
'T 'ud take er big pun'kin ter stop up *dat* crack
An' no room would be lef' fer de things atter dat.'

" 'You leave dat ter *me*,' ses I, stretchin' it big,
'I b'lieves you 's a fool, Zeke, what 's too big ter live.
I kin git all de aigs an' chickens dat hatch,
An' borrow de pun'kins right outen de patch.'

" I carr'd my ole stockin' widout enny toe,
An' tied it right tight ter Mis's Gran'-chillen's do'.
I den tuck my baskit, ('t was bigg' es my bag,)
An' sot it right under dat ole stockin' rag.

" Nex' mornin' I goes ter de house jes' de same,
An' I calls all de chillen right by deir fus' name,
An' I ketches 'em 'Chris'mus gif'! Chris'-mus gif'! chile!'
Den I glance at de baskit, My Lawd! what er pile!

" I git de wheelbarrer, an' ride all my Santa Claus home ter de chillen."

Christmas Stocking

"Er ham, an' er bag full uv sugar an' rice,
Flour, an' coffee, an' ev'rything nice!
Dar wus orn'ges, an' apples, an' candies, an' cake,
An' a pair uv new stockin's young Mistis done make!

"Well, Honey, I git de wheelbarrer, an' ride
All my Santa Claus home ter de chillen who cried,
'Why, Mammy, how did Mr. Santy Claus hol'
All dem things in dat stockin' widout any sole?'

"'T was ole Mistis' soul what helt 'em,' I sed;
'She sont 'em to Mammy, aldo' she is daid,
I know'd dat she kyeered for old Mandy de same,
God bless my ole Mistis! God bless her dear name!'

Mandy's Christmas Stocking

"Well, Honey, ef you could er seen 'em dat day,
Lucindy, an' Sooky, an' Jimmy, at play,
Wid dey harps an' dey horns an' *new shoes on dey feet!*
You'd er *know'd* hit wus Chris'mus, hit sounded so sweet."

DAT TIME HONEY GOT LOS'

Dat Time Honey Got Los'

"I GWINE tell you jes' lak it happen, 'kase I 'members it same es ef it happen las' week. 'T was de *fus'* year atter de war, yes, de *fus'* year, 'kase Honey was jes' born endurin' uv de war, an' she jes' had turnt her two year buff-day, dat 's er fac'.

"I 'members it well.

"I knowed sum'in' was gwine happen, 'kase I done stump my lef' foot twice dat ve'y day, an' Brer' Torm done tole me how a rabbit run 'cross de road when he brung in his las' load uv wood, an' beside dat, I hyeard a squinch owell in de tree by de house do', jes' de night befo', an' I feel in my bones dat sum'in nu'r was gwine happen, an' sho' nuff it did. I kin feel trouble when it 's comin', it always seem ter cum over me fo' it gits hyar.

Dat Time Honey got Los'

"I was in de kitchen fixin' fer ter beat de biskits fer dinner. Brer' Torm he was er settin' right dar by de chimley smokin' his long handle pipe. Sis' Betsy, she set right *dis* side shellin' peas fer me, an' Sis' Tildy, she wus er washin' up de dishes fer me, whiles I wus sif'in' de flour fer de biskits. I done sif' it good, an' den I 'gun ter wuck de do' dis way an' dat way twell hit 'gun ter crack an' pop; den I tuck down de beater, an' lay on de licks es I turnt de do' over fus' one way an' den de odder.

"I always usen ter sing when I beat de biskits, I jes' coul' n' he'p it, an' I 'members de 'zac' chune I wus singin' dat day. I ain' never gwine fergit it. Hit was 'Roll, Jordan.' Hyar I was beatin' biskits an' keepin' time wid de beatin' jes' er singin'

"'Roll, Jordan, roll,
Roll, Jordan, roll,
I wan' ter go ter Heb'n when I die
Fur ter hyear sweet Jordan roll.

"'Oh, pray, my brudder, pray!
Yas, my Lord,

My brudder 's settin' in de kingdom
Fer ter hyear sweet Jordan roll.

" ' Roll, Jordan, roll,
Roll, Jordan, roll,
I want ter get ter Heb'n when I die
Fer ter hyear sweet Jordan roll.'

" Well, Honey, I git so happy I mighty nigh go ter shoutin' an' a little mo' an' I 'd er shuck de kitchen flo' wid 'motion, when lo an' beholst! I hyear Miss Sally call out fum de gret house, —

" ' Lize Ann, has you seen de baby any whar?'

" ' No'me!' I calls back. ' Ain' Honey in dar?'

" ' No,' ses Miss Sally, ' I don' see her enny whar.'

" ' Lawd er massy on my soul!' I ses. ' What de matter wid everybody? What de people all er doin' fer ter let dat chile git los'? Whar dat goof fer nuffin' Poly Bony Part? I seed him playin' wid Honey er hour ergo.' Jes' at dat moment Poly cum ter de do'. ' Cum hyar, sah,' I ses, ' you black rascal; whar dat chile? What you

let Honey git los' fer?' I had de rollin' pin in my han' an' I cums down on his haid cosmash, cosmash, cosmash, jes' es hard es I could hit.

"'Lawdy, Lawdy, Lawdy, Mammy,' Poly holler out, dancin' roun' lak I mos' kill 'im. 'I ain' los' Honey. I ain' seen her sence you rock her ter sleep, bo-hoo, bo-hoo, bo-hoo!'

"'You ain',' I ses. 'Well, I don't keer. I ain' give you er lick ermiss, you good fer nuffin' scamp. I seed you chunkin' my yaller cat dis ve'y day, you black rascal. You stop dat fuss an' go look fer dat chile dis minnit, hyear me? Hyar I is, 'sponsible fer Miss Sally an' dat baby an' ole Miss done lef' me in de keer of 'em bof' an' — an' hyar you folks done let er git los'. Sis' Betsy, you go down ter de branch an' see ef you kin fine 'er down dar, an' Brer' Torm, you go look in de pig pen whiles' I go dreen de duck trough. Dat chile got ter be fount an' dat quick.'

"Jes' den Miss Sally 'rive at de kitchen do' wid her eyes lookin' lak dey did de day

Mars' John was brought home kilt fum de wah. 'Mammy,' she say, 'whar you reckin Honey is; does you think somebody 's done stole her? She 's all I got lef' — Oh, my baby, my li'l' baby!'

"Dat wus jes' what I been studyin' 'bout, but I ain't gwine tell Miss Sally. I jes' tuck hole uv 'er li'l' cole' hans, an' I ses ter cumfert her, 'No, Miss Sally, no, chile, Honey jes' hidin' sum whar. You set down here while I go look fer 'er.' But she 'gun ter git whiter an' whiter, an' fus' thing I know she fall over 'gin de cheer. I rub 'er hans an' blow in 'er face, 'kase she done faint erway jes' lak she done when Mars' John wus brung home. Honey wus all she got lef'. I lay 'er down an' I run ter de wood pile and git de ax. I did n't tek time ter grine it, kase I knowd I could smash de brains out 'n de bigges' rapscallion goin'.

I puts out down de road, but I don' see nuthin'; nobody er skulkin' long de fence wid Honey. Den I hear de plantation bell er ringin' out de 'larm. 'T was de fus'

time hit rung sence de war, 'cep' when it toll fer Mars' John's fun'al; an' I see two er free gen'l'mens gallopin' down de road to'ard de gret house, an' I culd n't stan' it no longer, an' I turnt back wid de ax on my shoulder, an' I look in eve'y bush on de road side, an' behime de trees, an' I bus' open de bushes wid my ax, but not a bref uv Honey did I see. When I git back ter de house, I fine Miss Sally done gone ter de grabe yard an' faint ergin on Mars' John's grabe, an' all de niggers wus er runnin' in every 'rection, lookin' fer dat chile. Well, chillen, I 'gun ter giv up, an' I git so weak in de knees I could n't stan' an' de fus' thing I knowd I wus down on de groun' er prayin' fer de'liverance uv Miss Sally's baby. Bimeby I got off my knees an' I walk right straight in de house, upstairs ter de cradle, whar de sperit led me. Fo' de Lawd! dar lay Honey fas' ersleep in de crib cradle, jes' as safe an' soun' as er dollar. De skeeter net wus pulled over her, jes' whar I done put it when I git 'er ter sleep; she ain' never wake up sence I put 'er dar, an' I

"Dar lay Honey fas' ersleep in de crib cradle."

done fergit ter tell Miss Sally. I grabs 'er up an' runs all de way ter de grabe yard. '*Hyar* she is, Miss Sally,' I calls out, '*Hyar* she is! hyar's Honey!' Well, I ain' gwine say no mo' 'bout what happen dat day, but I kin tell you dis, I never 'specs ter fergit de time Honey got los'. Hit wus de fus' year atter de war, an' de war wan' nuffin' ter de 'citement dat day, I kin tell you.

"An' den Miss Sally give holiday ter ev'ybody on de place an' dey had de bigges' barbecue you ever see ter celebrate de recub'ry uv dat chile."

PLANTATION NURSERY SCENE

Plantation Nursery Scene

"CUM 'long now an' let Mammy rock you ter sleep, you done play'd in dat bowl uv soap suds long 'nuff — le' Mammy wipe yo' li'l' han's and button yo' li'l' gown, an' you Cindy! what dat you doin' settin' dar eatin' up dat sweet soap! Ain' you got no better sense den dat? Git up fum dar an' pick dat chile's close up an' hang 'em on de back uv de cheer. Now look at you! done upsot de pan uv water all over de flo'; you go 'long ter de quarters, gal, whar you berlongs 'fo' I wrings yo' nake, an' sen' Mandy hyar fer ter wipe up dat water while I git dis chile ter sleep. Cum 'long ter Mammy, dat 's er good baby — Mammy gwine git her ole tuckey tail fan ter blow de skeeters offen you. Sing 'Li'l' Breezes'? — dat I will, — lay yo' head down now an' shet your eye, dat's de way — now I gwine sing.

Blow, Li'l' Breezes, Blow

Plantation Lullaby

"MAMMY'S baby 's white es snow,
Blow, li'l' breezes, blow.
Hyar cum baby's coach an' fo',
Blow, li'l' breezes, blow.
Fo' white horses fer er fac',
Golden wheels an' golden trac',
Golden sides an' golden back,
Blow, li'l' breezes, blow.

" Mammy's baby gwine ter ride,
Blow, li'l' breezes, blow;
Ole black Mammy by 'er side,
Blow, li'l' breezes, blow.
Ober all dem mountains high
Whar de chimbly swallers fly,
'Way up yander in de sky!
Blow, li'l' breezes, blow.

" Cum 'long now an' let Mammy rock you ter sleep."

Blow, Li'l' Breezes, Blow

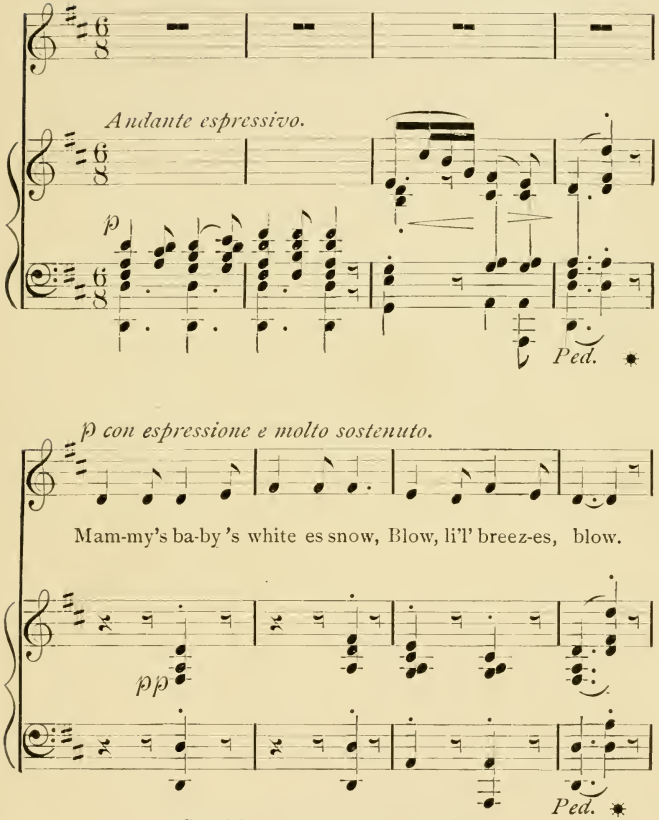
" Gwine dribe right froo de gate!
Blow, li'l' breezes, blow,
Gwine whar dem angels wait,
Blow, li'l' breezes, blow.
See dat robe an' shinin' crown,
Cake an' wine des passin' roun',
Honey-comb so nice an' brown!
Blow, li'l' breezes, blow.

" Mammy's baby gone ter sleep,
Blow, li'l' breezes, blow;
All dem angels come an' peep,
Blow, li'l' breezes, blow.
Precious lamb right on my bres',
Sleepy eyes done gone ter res'.
Lawd, dis littel baby bles',
Blow, li'l' breezes, blow."

Hyeah cum Baby's Coach an' Go'
Blow lil' breezes blow
Fo' white horses ger a pae!
Golden wheels an golden trac
Golden sides an' golden bae
Blow lil breezes blow!

Blow, Li'l' Breezes, Blow.

A Plantation Lullaby.

Words and Music composed by Martha S. Gielow.

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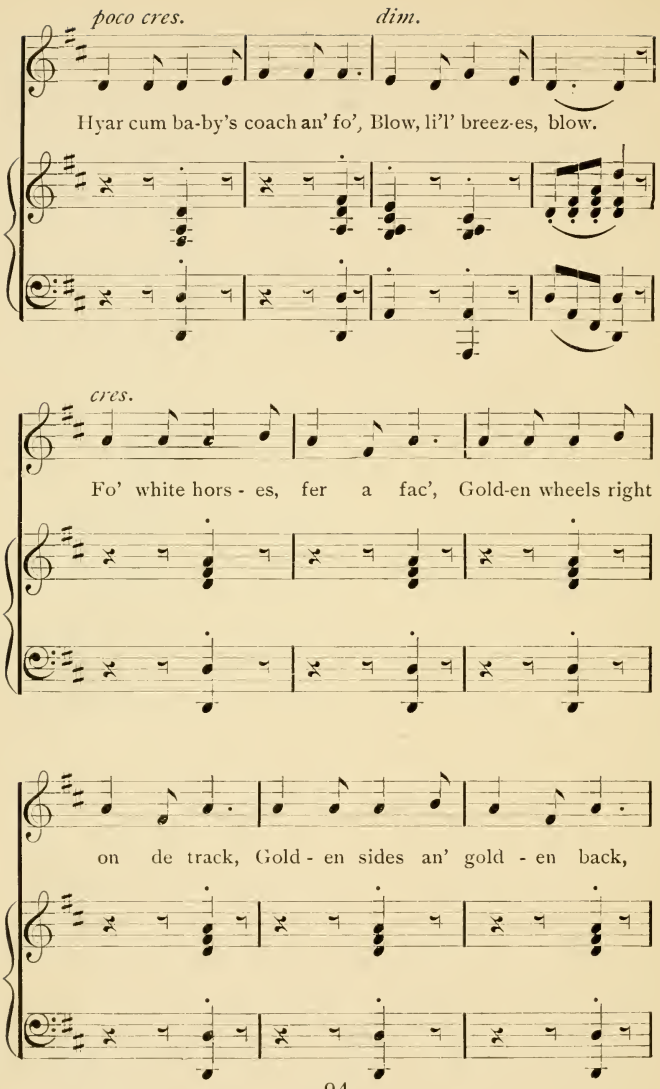
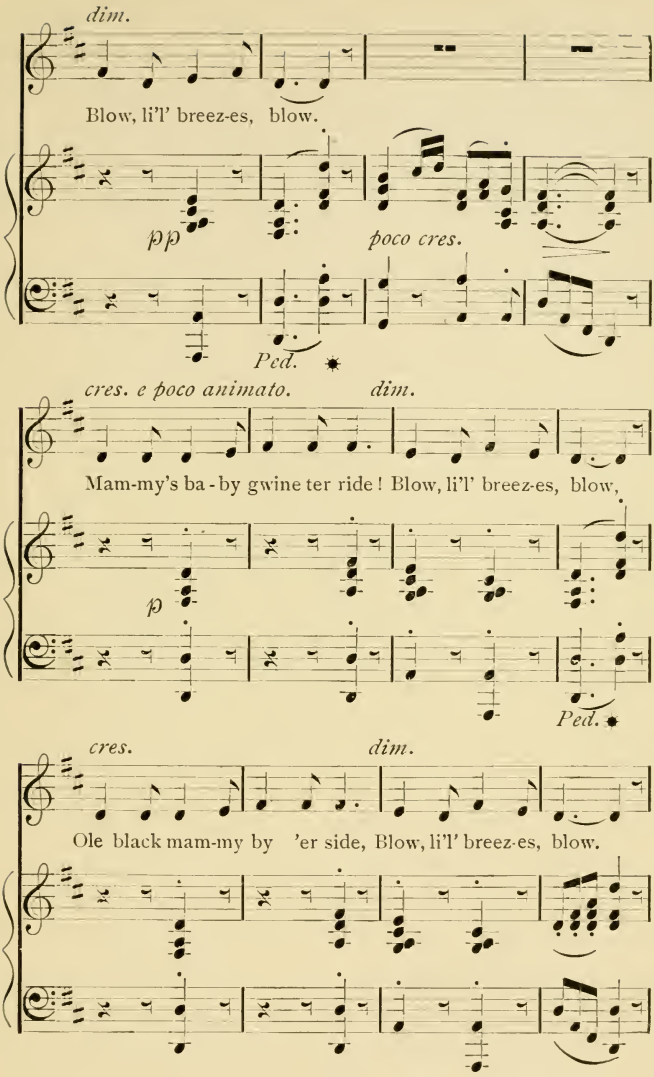

poco cres.
dim.
Hyar cum ba-by's coach an' fo', Blow, li'l' breez-es, blow.
cres.
Fo' white hors - es, fer a fac', Gold-en wheels right
on de track, Gold - en sides an' gold - en back,

dim.
Blow, li'l' breez-es, blow.
pp
poco cres.
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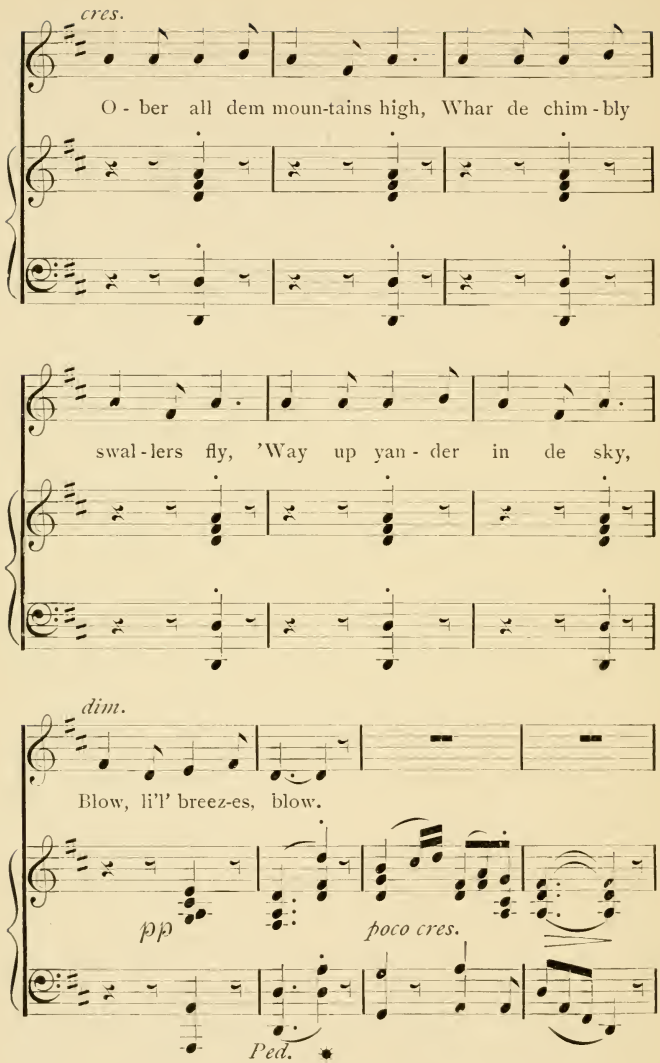
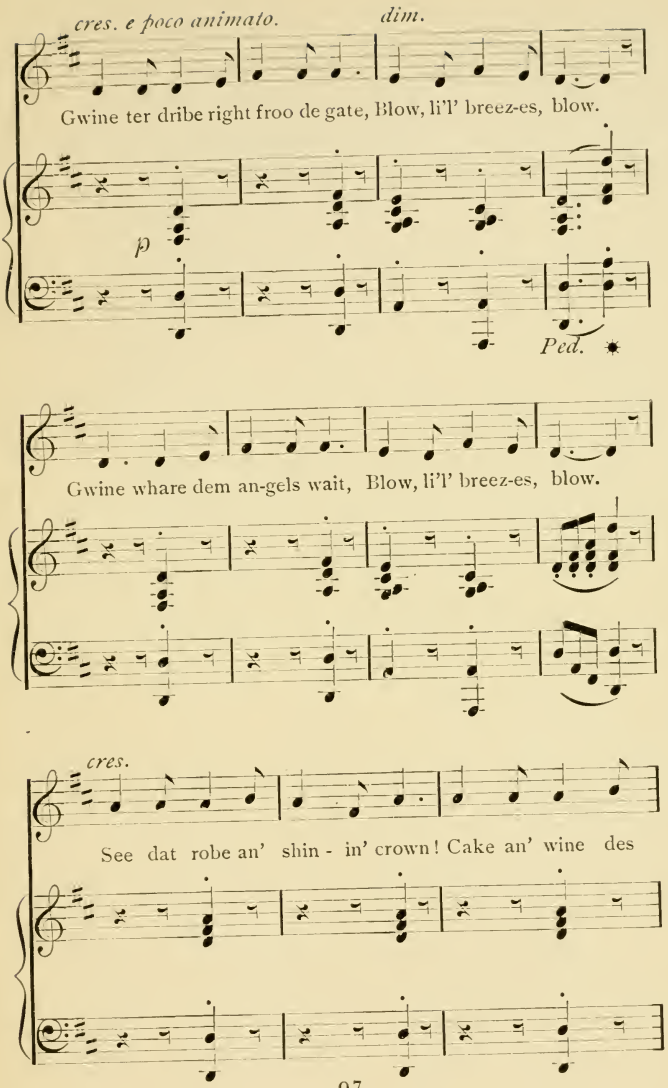
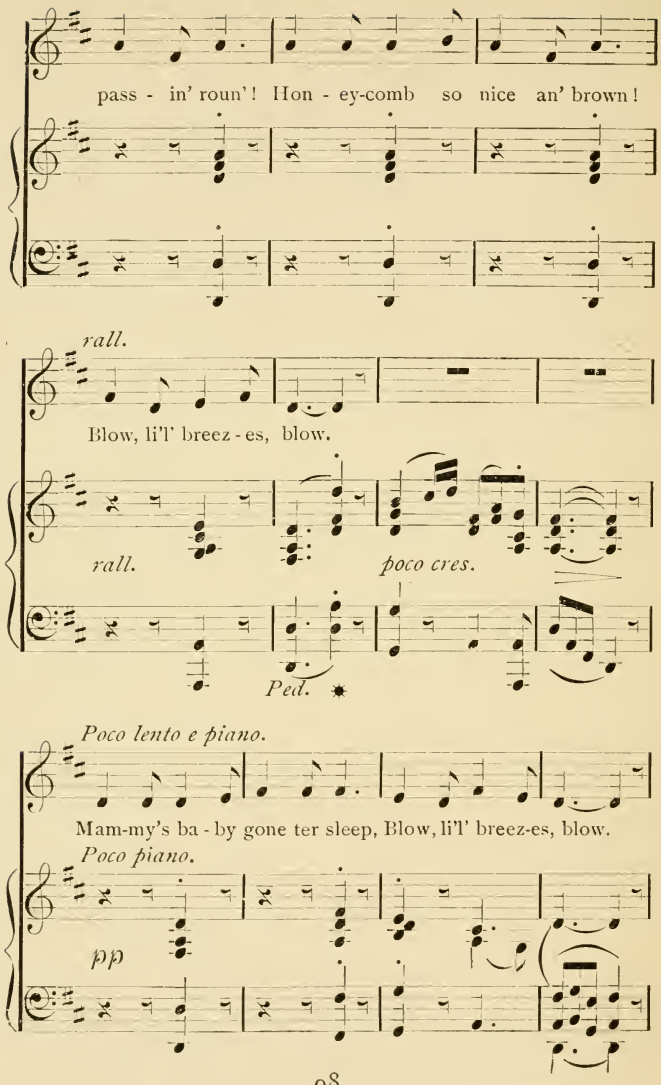
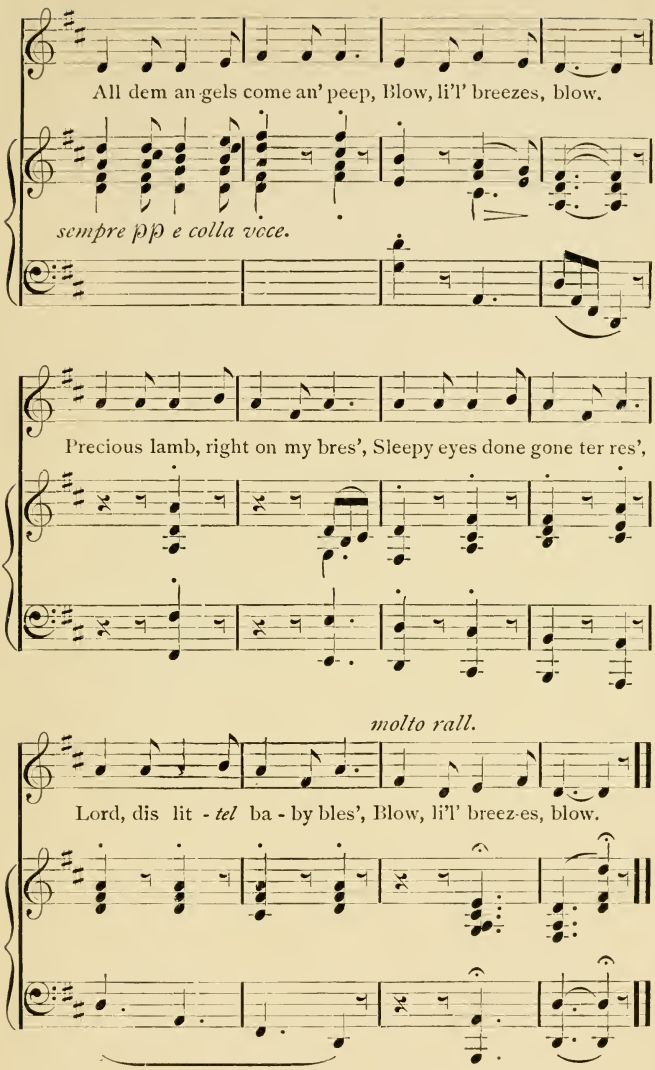
dim.
Mam-my's ba-by gwine ter ride! Blow, li'l' breez-es, blow,
p
Ped.
cres.
dim.
Ole black mam-my by 'er side, Blow, li'l' breez-es, blow.


cres.
O - ber all dem moun-tains high, Whar de chim - bly
swal - lers fly, 'Way up yan - der in de sky,
dim.
Blow, li'l' breez-es, blow.
pp
poco cres.
Ped.


cres. e poco animato.
dim.
Gwine ter dribe right froo de gate, Blow, li'l' breez-es, blow.
p
Ped.
Gwine whare dem an-gels wait, Blow, li'l' breez-es, blow.
cres.
See dat robe an' shin - in' crown! Cake an' wine des

pass - in' roun'! Hon - ey-comb so nice an' brown!
rall.
Blow, li'l' breez - es, blow.
rall.
poco cres.
Ped.
Poco lento e piano.
Mam-my's ba - by gone ter sleep, Blow, li'l' breez-es, blow.
Poco piano.
pp


All dem an-gels come an' peep, Blow, li'l' breezes, blow.
sempre pp e colla voce.
Precious lamb, right on my bres', Sleepy eyes done gone ter res',
molto rall.
Lord, dis lit - tel ba - by bles', Blow, li'l' breez-es, blow.

EVENING IN THE QUARTERS

Evening In The Quarters

"SEE hyar, ole 'ooman, 'peers ter me
Es ef it 's gwine ter rain.
I hear de bull finch in de tree;
My jints begins ter pain.
You better git de poultry up,
An' blow de horn fer Joe,
An' take de white folks' washin' in,
Befo' hit 'gins ter blow.
I 'll go an' do de feedin' now,
An' hyar 's yo' chicken bran.
Don' let ole Bobtail git it all;
She 'll do it ef she can."

Matilda takes the chicken food,
And with a loud alarm,
Begins to call her little brood
Together, on the farm.
"Coo chee, coo chee, coo chee, coo chee!
Chick chick chick chick chick chick,
Here, Ma'y Jane! cum head 'em off,

An' he'p me wid 'em quick,
Dese feathered beasties is er sight;
Dey 's jes' es wile es fleas.
Dey 'll keep me runnin' plum twell night.
Cum he'p me wid 'em, please!

" Now jes' look at dem tuckey hens!
Dey acts so like er goose —
An' nebber will behabe deyselves,
An' go erlong ter roose!
Coo-pee coo-pee coo-pee coo-pee,
Pee pee pee pee pee pee.
Good gracious me! — time dey gits in
Dem ducks is got er loose.
Diddle diddle diddle diddle diddle!
Dar now, you yaller brats;
Jes' go in dar dis minnit now,
Right tho' dem bottom slats.
Dey almos' sets me crazy, chile,
An', Honey, ef you will
Jes' help me shoo dem goslins up
Erlong beside de hill.

" Dem eberlastin' ganders now!
I 'll try ter break dey back —

Evening in The Quarters

You quit dat foolin' long er me !
An' stop dat ' quack, quack, quack ! '
Shoo, shoo, shoo, shoo, erlong dar, shoo !
You long neck varmints you.
Hit 's time I'se locked de henhouse do'
An' tuck de close in too.

" Hit 's gittin' night, I hyear Joe call
De cows fum down de lane :
Soo cow, soo cow, soo cow, soo cow.
I hyear 'im good an' plain.
Ding-ding, ding-ding, ding-ding, ding-ding,
I hyear ole Brindle's bell.
She 's cumin' up ter git er drink
Beside de ole farm well."

" Saw now, saw now ! " Matilda calls,
As Brindle flirts her tail,
And turns to view the foaming milk
She pours into the pail.
" Saw now, saw now, you frisky thing,
You kick me den I 'll scream.
Here, Joe ! cum hol' ole Brindle's calf,
He 's gittin' *all* de cream !
An' Ma'y Jane ! go ter dat churn,

Evening in The Quarters

An' turn de bread erbout —
An' don' you let dem taters burn —
Ner let dem coals die out,
An' be sure you min' dat baby."
As Mary Jane resumes the dash
She sings with much concern,
As splash, co-splash, co-splash, co-splash,
She plies the old-time churn.

" Churn, churn, churn, buttermilk,
Li'l' boy at de gate,
Waitin' fer er hot butter cake.
Churn, churn, churn, milk, churn."
And presently old Pete calls out,
In tones which all can hear,
" Coo-sheep, coo-sheep, coo-sheep, coo-sheep ! "
To cattle far and near.
" Hoo-oo-oo-oo-er, er ooer —
Whoop, whoop, whoop, whoop, whoop, whoop ! "
And then the lambs and squealing pigs
Go scrambling for their corn ;
And Prince and Duke, the favored colts,
Go prancing to the barn.

"Churn, churn, churn, buttermilk,
Li'l' boy at de gate,
Waitin' fer er hot butter cake."

Evening in The Quarters

Ding-ding, ding-ding, ding-ding, ding-ding;
Old Brindle in the lead;
And Spot and Bess and Brindle's calf
Are ready for their feed.

They love the old plantation calls,
And hasten to obey
When Uncle Peter fills their stalls
With nice fresh corn and hay.
"Well! shet de gate, Matildy chile —
De night wuck 's done at las'.
Go fetch some kindlin' from de pile,
An' cook de supper fas'.
De rain hit 's now begun ter fall;
De frogs begun ter sing;
An' hallelujah ter de Lawd!
I 'se happy es er king.
Go fetch de fam'ly Bible down,
An' fin' me whar it say
'Well done, dou good an' faithful one,'
An' den we 'll kneel an' pray;
An' ax de Lawd ter keep my soul
Untwell de blessed mawn,
When Gab'el blows fer heaben's flocks,
Dat resurrection horn."

Notices

Extract from Dr. Herrick's Letter.

Her illustrations of the ante-bellum Southern life, and her impersonations of the negro character, the "Mammy," the "Sambo," the "pickaninny," and the plantation preacher, had a verisimilitude of humor, of pathos, and of rollicking fun, compared with which all "minstrel" exhibitions that I have ever seen were gross and vulgar caricatures. I never realized before how absolutely essential are the utmost intelligence and refinement and delicacy of feeling to any adequate representation of the old slave life in its domestic and social relations.

In these things I hold Mrs. Gielow peerless among impersonators, as they are known to me.

Samuel E. Herrick.

Boston.

May 1st, 1897.

Dear Mrs. Gielow: Allow me to thank you in the name of the Southern Society of Brooklyn, for the charming recitations which so delighted us on Thursday evening last. You are, indeed, "A Child of the South," and your dialect a part, as you say, of your mother tongue. We are proud of you, "Mammy's Reminiscences" and all. No reader of the day has won more honors in so brief a time, nor won them more

deservingly. To have made the position, the reputation, the success which you have made in less than one year in this great metropolis, where we are ordinarily but atoms, speaks volumes for the ability which has demanded your presence before most of the prominent clubs and churches and literary bodies of Brooklyn and New York, and I say again, we are *proud of you*. Knowing, too, the cruel necessity which has crushed the sweetness, as it were, from the flower, and thrust your gifts upon the literary horizon, we honor you, and wish continued success to the brave efforts of your noble career.

Yours very sincerely,

W. Ward Childs.

President Southern Society of Brooklyn.

I have for several years known Mrs. Gielow, and am sincerely interested in her career. I have heard her charming recitations, and am glad to record my delight with her work. She touches the dreamy old plantation twilight with the wand of genius. The world of the "mammy" — a world so dear to some of us — comes again over life's horizon, and enchains our hearts. The portraiture is so unaffected, so unstrained, so simple and true, that it ravishes one with memories and half-forgotten pictures. "Mammy's Reminiscences" is a gem of its kind. Her rendition of "Mammy's Li'l' Boy" makes one of the most delicately pathetic and winsome things I have ever heard. No wonder a woman with such close sympathy with childhood should have fascinated the children as Mrs. Gielow has done by her

story-telling. It has been a long while since I drank in such pure draughts of plantation life.

ARTHUR B. KINSOLVING.
Rector Christ Church, Brooklyn.

As a dialect reader, Mrs. Gielow is second to none. I consider her an artist as such. Her conception of the negro is perfect, and her impersonations inimitable. Her monologues and poems are exceptionally attractive ; and with her pleasing personality and magnetic voice, her success has not been unexpected by me.

The popularity of her talks on the South speaks for itself of her ability as a lecturer ; while, as an entertainer for children, I know of no one so gifted. I am proud of her as a Southern woman and as a pupil.

HENRY GAINES HAWN.
Carnegie Hall, New York City.

WE have heard nothing sweeter in many years than her cradle song, "Blow, Li'l' Breezes," or more touching than "Dat Time Honey Got Los'." — *Greensboro Beacon.*

ALABAMA and Greensboro are proud to claim the gifted Mrs. Gielow, — author, poet, and lecturer. — *Greensboro Watchman.*

Extract from Dr. Lyman's Letter.

THE interest of her reading was heightened by the fact that she is herself the author of the pieces she read.

I take pleasure in bearing testimony to the unusual delicacy and depth of artistic excellence exhibited by Mrs. Gielow in these readings. She is herself a native of the far South, and her reading, unlike that of many professionals who take up dialect work as a mere *tour de force*, is characterized and distinguished by a complete naturalness and absence of exaggeration. It reproduces the indefinable charm of the negro cabin's speech, — its melody, its quaintness, its touch of the grotesque, its underlying tone of pathos. Hers is no ordinary reading, and I confidently and emphatically commend both the reading and the reader to all who wish to introduce in a public entertainment the element of real art and true humor, as well as a refined and most worthy personality.

ALBERT J. LYMAN,
Twenty-four years minister of the South Congregational Church, Brooklyn.

MRS. HENRY J. GIELOW gave one of her most successful readings Tuesday afternoon, when she delighted a large and fashionable audience on the Heights with her original dialect monologues. She was received in most flattering fashion ; and when her first recitation, "Mam's Little Baby," was rendered, the plaintive Negro dialect completely captured her audience.

Her other recitations were of the same character, — dialect monologues, which are said to fully equal in their delicate humor and pathos anything written by Thomas Nelson Page or Harris, and, of course, have the great merit of originality, as they are all, as yet, unpublished, and used by Mrs. Gielow solely for her reading. — *New York Herald*, March 14, 1897.

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